

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mystery of the Eskimos : Unique Among the Races in Preferring to Live in Arctic Cold

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is nothing more interesting or more edifying in the magnificent halls of the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park West, than the lifelike figures and scenes representing the aboriginal ("from the beginning") inhabitants of the American half of the world. Among these are some groups showing the daily life and occupations of the Eskimos, one of which, an Eskimo woman fishing through a hole in the ice, is herewith reproduced by photography.

There is a deep mystery enveloping the Eskimos. They may be called the people of the North Pole, for they dwell farther north than any other race and partially surround the Arctic end of the earth's axis.

According to the Encyclopaedia Americana, the total number of Eskimos in existence does not exceed 40,000, and these are scattered all across the northern end of America, the Arctic Islands, Greenland, and a part of the coast of Siberia.

How did they come to be where they are? Did their race spring into existence in the far north, independent, from the beginning, of the other races of mankind; or are they the descendants of some ancient, forgotten people, driven toward the north by a stronger race, or by climatic changes, in prehistoric times?

An exceedingly romantic and fascinating theory concerning the origin of the Eskimos is that of Prof. Boyd Dawkins, who maintained that they were the sole survivors of the prehistoric "cave men" of western Europe. The arguments in favor of this view are clearly summed up in Prof. John Fiske's "Discovery America."



An Eskimo woman fishing through the ice. One of the striking groups at the American Museum of Natural History.

Why I Married a Second Time : The Father with Two Babies Tells His Story.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Every marriage," said the Middle-Aged man, reflectively, "is a profound mystery to the bystanders, but a second marriage is an insoluble enigma that they do not even try to solve. Romance and the foolhardy daring of youth account for people getting married the first time, but why should those who have ascertained from experience the perils of matrimony tempt its dangers again?"

"It looks, to the outsider, as if the man or woman who had been happily married the first time would be afraid to marry again on the principle that lightning does not strike twice in the same place, and that he or she could not hope to find again a mate equal to the first, and that or she would refuse 'a lesser love,' as the poet puts it."

"Also it looks as if those who had been unhappily married, and who had their fingers in the matrimonial fires could not be dragged by wild horses within telephonic distance of the altar again. Experience seems to cut me ice in matrimony. Those who have been happily married, and those who have been unhappily married, rush blithely back into the holy estate and leave us wondering why."

"In my own case it was necessary. It was because a wife was the only answer to a tragic domestic problem. It was because only a woman's hands, and the hands of a lady, were strong enough and gentle enough to save for one all that I held of worth in the world."

"And whatever else I have given to my second wife, I have given to her a passionate gratitude whose depths she does not even guess, because I dare not tell her how desperate was my need of her."

"When I was a young chap I married a nice girl, and we lived contentedly and happily enough together. I was no saint and she was no angel, and we had our little ups and downs, but we were budding up together, too, and were absorbed in that and in our home and little boy. Then, after ten years of this pleasant Darby and Joan existence, my wife died suddenly in that most tragic of all deaths, when she gave her life for that of a little daughter."

"At her death, all the old tenderness and romance rushed back upon me, and I was heartbroken, and then in the midst of my grief I was confronted with the appalling domestic situation that her loss had created. Both Mary's mother and mine had long passed away, neither one of us had any convenient women relatives that could be called upon to fill the gap in my household, and so there I was left with my two motherless children and a mistressless house to take care of."

"And I don't know how to do it. I had no more idea of what to do for a tiny baby than I had of how to perform a surgical operation. I could figure out to the last ounce how much steel it would take to build a million-dollar skyscraper, but I sat down baffled and helpless before the grocery book. I could manage a thousand workmen, but not a cook or a nurse."

"I did the best I could. I hired a high-priced baby expert to take care of the little ones, and a housekeeper to run the



"I COULD FIGURE HOW MUCH STEEL TO PUT IN A MILLION-DOLLAR BUILDING, BUT I WAS HELPLESS WITH A BABY."

house, and therefore I lived in a state of perpetual squabbles between the two, coming home, time after time, to find out that the drawn battle between them had resulted in one or the other leaving the house. Sometimes the baby was wailing with hunger because the nurse had gone. Sometimes I went hungry because the cook had departed."

"And the bills were something frightful. There was waste, and extravagance, and idleness in every department, with no comfort anywhere in spite of the large expenditure. Worse still, with no one but hirelings to look after him, with no anchor to hold him to home, my little boy soon began to run the streets, and to become an uncouth little hoodlum."

"I stood this pandemonium of a home for two years, and then, when my little girl began to talk, and her first liped

words were the replica of the dialect of a Swedish nurse I happened to have at that time, I realized that the only salvation for me and my children was for me to marry again."

"And I did. I found a noble woman who must have felt called to the missionary field, for she took me and my discarded household in her beneficent care, and brought order out of chaos. She has been a real mother to my children, who love her as well as they could have loved their own mother, and I have loved their mother, and I have repaid her for all her goodness to me and mine by striving to do everything in my power to make her happy, and, as I said, by a passionate gratitude whose depths I would not like her to know, for I should not have married again had I not been driven to it by necessity."

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Probably You Were Not Tactful.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I attended a wedding as best man. Later the girl to whom I am engaged arrived with a girl friend of hers. Being best man I had to dance the main dances with the bride and maid of honor. When we were sitting to dance the quadrille I being the only one who knew how to supervise same had to dance with the bride, and the bridesmaid danced with the maid of honor. A friend of mine, who I had introduced to my fiancée, asked to dance with her, but she refused. I begged her to stay a short while after, and when she found me alone she said to me: 'You have nerve to pick up a partner for me. Since then we have parted. Will you kindly give me your advice as to who was right?' ANXIOUS.

Your fiancée did speak to you rather sharply, but probably she felt belittled and neglected and was fairly good into the reply. Did you go to greet her as soon as she arrived? Did you take her to speak to the bride and groom? Did you ask her and the girl friend to forgive you for any lack of attention because of the duties of a best man? Or did you just assume that she would understand and leave her to nurse feelings of being hurt and neglected and belittled?

"Making Good." Dear Miss Fairfax: While upon my vacation recently, I met a young man with whom I have become greatly infatuated. Two nights before I left for home he asked me if I would accept accepting attentions from other men at home and he would not go out with any other girls, and in the meanwhile would strive to "make good" for me. I have given him no definite answer as yet. What shall I do? MYRTLE.

I never advocate a girl's waiting for a man to be able to marry her and in the meantime remaining in the position where she is neither engaged nor free. The fickleness of men in such instances as yours is the cause of much unhappiness. Have a definite understanding and if it is a matter of a year or two and you feel that you care enough to wait, do so. But I think it would be wiser to retain your freedom until he has proved himself worthy of your trust.

Do You Know That

The church porch in former days was the place selected for the payment of dowries, legacies, etc. Marriages were solemnized in porches; fairs held there, beggars plied their calling, and great persons were buried in the porch.

"O. K." as an expression of satisfaction is derived from "Aux Cayes," from which came the best tobacco and rum came. Ultimately everything of the best was designated "O. K."

Last year America produced 700,000 more motor vehicles than in the previous twelve months. The total number was 1,508,461—from which the receipts were \$1,025,295.56—as against 1,127,940 in 1913.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his greatest beauty, died. At her death, Prof. Stiller, an expert of the interests kidnaps the beautiful 15-year-old baby girl and brings her up as a girl. Where she goes no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for the mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where she meets the interests ready to meet her. The girl to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Alps. He is the first to see the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her cave. Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognize each other. Tommy from Prof. Stiller and they hide in the mountains. They are pursued by Stiller and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stiller, following his instinct, finds the island. He finds Tommy and Celestia, but all do not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stiller attempts to steal Celestia. She runs to Tommy for help. Stiller pursues her. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking her to his cave. Celestia's clothes, Stiller reaches Four Coyners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York. Celestia is hidden in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy teaches Bellevue his story before Stiller's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Bellevue. He leaves a key to a hotel to take Celestia in owing to her condition. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the lake he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Doucain. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her pe-

culiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Banker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stiller and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the colonies.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tries to head off a threatened strike by taking the miners' leaders to see Barclay, who refuses to listen to them. The strike is on, and Tommy discovers a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun loose on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

NINTH EPISODE.

Tommy was in a position at once ridiculous and terrible. He strove to free himself without hurting the woman. Then came a rush of heavy feet up the stairs, and the bedroom door was carried inward clean off its hinges, and through the opening came Gundersorf. Rage had transformed him into a beast. It was fortunate that he was unarmed.

To him it must have appeared as if his wife had just torn herself free from Tommy. At the threshold of the room stood Gundersorf's three friends, at once menacing and abashed.

"They will think—oh, don't make me say it." Gundersorf began to scratch the back of his head.

"That is true," he said presently. "We had better take him away somewhere. For now we will tie him. When it is dark we will take him away somewhere in a carriage. We will take with us a stick of dynamite. A stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse makes a fine gag to go in a man's mouth. It keeps him quiet forever."

"You don't need to take him away," said Mrs. Gundersorf, "there's a fine strong elm tree in front of the house. Take him downstairs, call in the boys, and read them the telegram he's got in his inside pocket. Nobody need mention me—and the boys'll do the rest. . . . The dirty spy!"

Gundersorf and his three friends closed in upon Tommy from three sides. Mrs. Gundersorf crept stealthily along the wall to take him in the rear.

"Gundersorf," said Tommy suddenly, "just read that telegram. You can't hang a man on that. It's from the man who adopted me and brought me up. We differed because I am on the side of labor. He says he wants to see me on important business. That doesn't make me a spy, does it? Be reasonable."

Ordinarily, for Gundersorf had an intelligent mind, he would have placed a just value upon the telegram as evidence against Tommy. Just now his reason was blinded by jealous rage. It is doubtful if he even read the telegram. He crumpled it in his hand and thrust it into his trouser's pocket.

At that moment, seeing that the affair had passed beyond reason and debate, Tommy stepped quickly forward and lifted Gundersorf clean from the floor with a terrific right-hand blow under the point of the chin. Swift as lightning he turned and struck the nearest of Gundersorf's friends between the eyes. This cleared the way to the door, and he sprang toward it, but only to fall heavily on his face, for Mrs. Gundersorf had grasped him from behind about the ankles.

A minute later they had him overpowered and tied him hand and foot.

Fifteen minutes later Tommy stood on the top of a skyscraper, surrounded by an enraged mob of men and women who showered vile epithets upon him. The step-ladder stood immediately under the limb of a great elm tree. With this limb Tommy was loosely connected by a length of quarter-inch hemp rope. Other ropes had been attached to the foot of the ladder upon which he stood, so that at a signal it could be yanked suddenly from under him.

Tommy was not frightened. He was dazed from rough handling, and somehow he couldn't believe that they really meant to hurt him. It was merely an unpleasant dream from which he would presently wake safe in bed. Then his roaring eyes met Gundersorf's. Gundersorf no longer looked pained and terrible, but slumped and stung. His eyes blinked with great rapidity. Presently, Tommy caught sight of Mrs. Gundersorf. He shook his head gently at her, as much as to say, "You know you really ought not to be such a story teller!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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